UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Celebrating Our Humanity is made possible in part by a generous gift from Marjorie Linden, in memory of Roy Linden.

Voice Studies at the University of Toronto Presents:
Celebrating Our Humanity

Featuring singers from the Faculty of Music, and pianist Narmina Afandiyeva.

Friday, February 28, 2025, at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

Program

Lost then Found
Weeping Iris (*Labyrinth of Tears*)
Alice Ping Yee Ho (b. 1960)
Alia Ginevra, soprano (4th-year Performance)

연꽃 만나고 가는 바람같이 [Like the Wind That Met With Lotus]
Joowon Kim (b. 1984)
Tracy Wong, soprano (4th-year Performance)

The last verse
Nan-Chang Chien (b. 1948)
Wen-Shan Wang, soprano (1st-year Master's, Performance)

陽 關 三 疊 [Three Tunes of Yang Guan]
Xia Yifeng (1872-1963)
Nathaniel Kulin, bass-baritone (1st-year Performance)

Algún día
Jaime Léon Ferro (1921-2015)
arr. Jean-Paul Feo
Emma Lavigne, soprano (2nd-year Performance); Jean-Paul Feo, tenor;
Hayden Thomas, piano (2nd-year Interdisciplinary Music Studies)

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Tes yeux sont des adieux

David Bontemps (b. 1978)

Kimiya Afkhami, soprano (1st-year Performance)

秋天的夢 [Autumn Dreams]

Tianhe Chen (1911-1955)

Jeanne Tsui, mezzo-soprano (2nd-year Interdisciplinary Music Studies)

湘累 [River of Tears]

Chen Xiaokong (1903-1962)
Zeng Lizhong (1926-1992)

Katherine Zhu, mezzo-soprano (1st-year Performance)

Весенние Воды [Spring Waters]

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Katia Monaco, soprano (2nd-year Performance)

九十九里浜 [At the beach of Kujo-kuri]

Kōzaburō Hirai (1910-2002)

Mathias Séror, baritone (1st-year Performance)

Sara's Aria (*Birzhan and Sara*)

Mukan Tolebayev (1913-1960)

Sofia Radenko, mezzo-soprano (2nd-year Interdisciplinary Music Studies)

Mah Pishanoo

Khurasani Folk

Hoy Nazan

Armenian Folk

Shabnam Bahrami Asl, soprano (1st-year Mus Bac);
Kimiya Afkhami, soprano (1st-year Performance)

Pasii (*Trei Cântece pentru Til*)

Felicia Donceanu (1931-2022)

Emma Puscalau, soprano (2nd-year Performance)

Text and Translations

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연꽃 만나고 가는 바람같이
Jeong-ju Seo

섭섭하게,
그러나
아주 섭섭하지 말고
좀 섭섭한 듯만 하게.

이별이게,
그러나
아주 영 이별은 말고
어디 내생에서라도
다시 만나기로 하는 이별이게

연꽃 만나려 가는
바람이 아니라
만나고 가는 바람같이.....

엊그제
만나고 가는 바람이 아니라
한 두철 전
만나고 가는 바람같이.....

Like the Wind That Met With Lotus

Sadly,
Though
Not tragically,
Just a bit sad…

This is farewell,
Though
Not forever,
As if to meet again
in another life

Not like a wind that is flowing towards the lotus blossoms
But the wind that has already met them and is now flowing away…

Not like a wind that met the blossoms just a few days ago,
But like the wind that met them years ago and knows it will be back here soon…

最後的一句
席慕蓉

再美再長久的相遇
也會一樣結束

是告別的時候了
在這古老的渡輪頭上
日已夕暮

是告別的時候了
你輕輕地握住我的手
而我靜默地俯首等待

The last verse
Xi, Mu-Rong

No matter how beautiful, how enduring the meeting,
it, too, will eventually come to an end.

The time has come for goodbye,
Here at this ancient ferry,
Beneath the evening sky.

The time has come for goodbye.
You gently hold my hand,
And I bow my head in silence, waiting—

等待著命運將我們分開

請你原諒我啊
請你原諒我
親愛的朋友
你給了我你流浪的一生
我卻只能給你
一本 薄薄的詩集

日已夕暮
我的淚滴在沙上
寫出了最後的一句
“若真有來生
請你留意尋找
一個在沙上寫詩的婦人”

Waiting for fate to part us.

Forgive me, please.
Forgive me,
My dearest friend.

You have given me the journey of your wandering life,
Yet all I can offer in return
Is a single, slender book of verse.

The day dims to twilight.
My tears fall upon the sand,
Etching the last verse:
"If there is truly another life,
Please, watch for a woman
Writing poems upon the sand."

陽關三疊

Three Tunes of Yang Guan

渭 城 朝 雨 浥
輕 塵, 客 舍 青 青 柳 色 辛,
勸 君 更 盡 一杯 酒 西 出 陽 關 無 故 人。

遄 行, 長 途 越 渡 關 津
歷 苦 辛, 歷 歷 苦 辛 宜 自 珍。

渭 城 朝 雨 浥
輕 塵, 客 舍 青 青 柳 色 辛,
勸 君 更 盡 一杯 酒 西 出 陽 關 無 故 人。

依 依 顧 戀 不 忍 離 淚 滴 沾 巾。

感 懷, 思 君 十二 時 辰。

誰 相 因 誰 可 相 因 日 馳 神

In Wei Cheng city, the morning rain drenches the light dust, the inn and the willow are fresh and green
Please empty another cup of wine, you will see no more old friends west of yang pass

Travel quickly; it’s a long way to cross the ferry
You will go through so many difficulties, please take good care of yourself

In Wei Cheng city, the morning rain drenches the light dust, the inn and the willow are fresh and green

Please empty another cup of wine, you will see no more old friends west of yang pass

The parting is reluctant, the tears wet the handkerchief

Longing sentimentally for you, I will think of you days and nights
We will miss each other day by day

Algún Día
Dora Castellanos

Un día llegarás;
el amor no espera.
Y me dirás:
Amada, ya llegó la primavera.

One day

One day you shall arrive.
Love waits for us,
and you shall tell me:
Beloved, spring has arrived.

Un día me amarás.
Estarás de mi pecho tan cercano,
que no sabré si el fuego que me abrasa
es de tu corazón o del verano.

Un día me tendrás.

Escucharemos mudos
latir nuestras arterias
y sollozar los árboles desnudos.

Un día. Cualquier día.
Breve y eterno,
el amor es el mismo en primavera,
en verano, en otoño y en invierno.

One day you shall love me.
By my breast you will be, so close
that I shall not know if the fire that holds me
is of your heart or of the summer.

One day you will have me.

We will silently listen
to the beating of our veins,
and to the naked, weeping trees.

One day, any day,
brief yet eternal.
Our love remains the same, no matter spring, summer,
fall, or winter.

Tes yeux sont des adieux
Marie-Ange Jolicoeur

Your eyes are farewells

Tes yeux sont des adieux
et l'air triste du couchant.

Tes mains ne savent rien
car trop lasses sans voir passent.

Le temps tu t'en souviens
plus jamais ne revient
dans nos vies qu'il étreint.

Your eyes are farewells
and the sad air of sunset.

Your hands know nothing,
too weary, they pass without seeing.

That time, you remember,
never again will return
in our lives which it embraces.

秋天的夢
戴望舒

迢遙的牧女的羊鈴,
搖落了輕的樹葉。
秋天的夢是輕的,
那是窈窕的牧女之戀。
於是我的夢靜靜地來了,
但卻載著沉重的昔日。
唔, 現在, 我有一些寒冷,
一些寒冷, 和一些憂鬱。

Autumn Dreams
Wangshu Dai

The distant shepherdess's sheep bell,
Shakes the light leaves from the trees,
Autumn dreams are light,
They are the gentle love of the graceful shepherdess.
And so, my dream quietly arrives,
But it carries the weight of past days.
Oh, how, I feel a bit of cold,
A bit of cold, and a bit of melancholy.

湘累
郭沫若

泪珠儿要流尽了,
爱人呀!还不回来呀。

我们从春望到秋,
从秋望到夏,
望到海枯石烂了,

River of Tears
Guo Moruo

Our tears will run dry,
Oh, my love! You still have not returned.

We have waited from spring to autumn,
From autumn to summer,
Waiting until oceans dry and rocks crumble,

爱人呀!还不回来呀!

我们为了他泪珠儿要流尽了,
我们为了他寸心儿要破碎料,
爱人呀!还不回来呀?

层层绕着的九疑山上的白云呀,
微微波着的洞庭湖中的流水呀,
你们知不知道他,
知不知道他的所在呀?

啊!九疑山上的白云有聚有消,
洞庭湖中的流水有汐有潮,
我们心中的愁云呀!

我们眼中的泪涛呀!
永远不能消,
永远只是潮。

太阳照着洞庭波,
我们魂儿颤栗不敢歌,
待到日西斜,
起看篁中昨宵泪,
已经看了花。
啊!爱人呀,
泪花儿怕要开谢了!
你还不回来呀?

Oh, my love! You still have not returned!

For him our tears run dry,
For him our hearts are shattered,
Oh, my love! You still have not returned?

Oh white clouds circling the Jiuyi mountains,
Oh waters of the Dongting lake rippling ever so slightly, Do you know him,
Do you know where he is?

Ah! Jiuyi mountain's white clouds gather and fade,
Dongting lake's waters rise and fall,
Oh the clouds of worry in our hearts!

Oh the tides of tears in our eyes!
They never fade,
They only rise.

The sun rays fall on Dongting's waves,
Our spirits tremble and dare not sing,
Staying until the sun wanes in the west,
I gaze into the bamboo grove in which I cried,
The flowers are already blooming.
Ah! My love,
My tears already bloom and wither!
You still have not returned

Весенние Воды
Фёдор Иванович Тютчев

Ещё в полях белеет снег,
А воды уж весной шумят
Бегут и будят сонный брег,
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!
Мы молодой весны гонцы,
она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,
И тихих, теплых майских дней Румяный, светлый хоровод
Толпится весело за ней!»

Spring Waters
Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

The fields are covered still with snow,
But Spring has swollen all the streams.
They run and sparkle as they go,
And wake the shores from drowsy dreams.

They call out loudly on their way:
"Spring's coming on! Spring's coming on!
We bring the message here today,
That's why we meet you on the run!

Spring's coming on! Spring's coming on!
And soon the lovely days of May
Will follow happily along
And dance a merry roundelay!"

九十九里浜
Shihoko Kitami

沖はるかに
荒れて浪たち　水平線
日の出近くして
海鳥飛べり

沖つ浪　みるにはるけし
思ふこと
五百重へだてて
わがなりがたし

わだつみの
太平洋に　まむかひて
砂濱白し
九十九里なり

At the Beach of Kujû-kuri

Far away off shore it is storming
Waves are rising on the horizon
Sunrise is near
Sea birds are flying

Watching waves from far away
What I am thinking
Is immeasurably distant
I won't be able to accomplish it

Directly facing the Pacific Ocean
The sandy shore is white
Kujūkuri, it is!

Sara's Aria (*Birzhan and Sara*)

Жай түсіріп төбеме не дедәлгі Алтынай?
Жынданыпты дедау Біржан, нанайың ба,
япырмай?!
Шіркің өмір, не жаздым мен, қызыл гүлім
солдырып.
Осымеді тартқан сыйың, ақшыл жүзім доңдырып.
Халық айтса, калып айта ма?
Сөз тарап жүр дабыра,
Қайрақ отау тұрсың неге,
Біржансыз сен адыра?

A storm has struck me, should I believe this or not?
Mad has gone the poor Birzhan,
In my heart, the light is fading,
To me, the world is a desert, hot and barren,
The spring blossom within me has withered,
Why has this storm trampled my spring?
And why must I die of anguish?
Why do I need my wedding? Why do I need my home?
Without Birzhan it's all a desert,
Where can I find joy?
Without love, I have no happiness.
Fate has dealt me a cruel hand,
Oh where are you, my friend, my Birzhan.

Mah Pishanoo
Asghar Mir Khadivi

گفتمش آهای ماه پیشانو
گفت جون جونوم
جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفتمش بگو غنچه گل کو
گفتش لبونُم
جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفتمش چرا ماه پیشانو نا مهربونی؟
گفت میخوام بسوزونمت تا قدرم بدونی
گفتمش فدای غمزه گردم
دلخوشم که تو رو نومزه کردم
پیش پات میشینم دو زانو
آخ ماه پیشانو جان ماه پیشانو

I said to her, oh my face of the moon
She said, Jon-e-Jonoum
June of Junom, oh June of Junom
I told her to tell me where the flower bud is
She said it was my lips
June of Junom, oh June of Junom
I told her, why are you so unkind?

She said I want to burn you (array)so that you know my value
I said that I am a victim of ghamza (coquetry)
I am glad that I named you

گفتمش چرا ماه پیشانو جان تو بلایي؟
جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفت بلا نگو خرمن گیسوم هست طلایی
جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفتمش برات خونه می سازم از خشت و گل
گفت اگه دوسم داری جام بده تو خونه دل
گفتمش فدای غمزه گردم
دلخوشم که تو رو نومزه کردم
پیش پات میشینم دو زانو
آخ ماه پیشانو جان ماه پیشانو
گفتمش بیا ماه پیشانو پیمون ببندیم
جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفت باشه ولی قول بده که دائم بخندیم

جون جونوم آخ جون جونوم
گفتمش دروغ میگی ماه پیشانو تو مستی
گفت که باور کن با تو میمونم تا تو هستی
گفتمش فدای غمزه گردم
دلخوشم که تو رو نومزه کردم
پیش پات میشینم دو زانو
آخ ماه پیشانو جان ماه پیشانو

I sit on my knees
Ah, the face of the moon, the face of the moon.
I told her, why are you so clever and naughty, girl?
June of Junom Oh June of Junom
She said, "No, don't say. My cascade hair is golden."
June of Junom Oh June of Junom
I said I will build you a house out of clay and mud
She said, if you like me, give me a cup at Del's house
I said that I was the victim of Ghamza
I am glad that I named you
I sit on my knees
Ah, the face of the moon, the face of the face
I told her, let's tie the alliance
June of Junom Oh June of Junom
She said ok, but promise to laugh all the time
June of Junom, oh June of Junom
I told her you are lying, you are drunk
She said that believe me, I will stay with you as long as you are there
I said that I am a victim of ghamza (coquetry)
I am glad that I named you
I sit on my knees
Ah, the face of the moon, the face of the moon.

Pasii
Felicia Donceanu

Pe poarta încet deschisă cind te strecori tiptil
Hoteste de-ai călca, şimt paşii tăi o Ţil
Din miile de timbre ce sună-n univers
Îndată recunosc precipitatul mers

Pe poartă încet deschisă când strecori tiptil,
Hoteste de-ai călca, simpt paşii tăi o Ţil.

Aşa de frică sare prin crăpături şopârla
Şi ascunsă pe sub pietre din fluier cântă gârlă
Dau roade veverița alunele-n dinți sparte
şi-n lampă se izbeşte un fluture de noapte

E un foşnet inefabil, un strop în geamul ud,
Un zbor suav pe care singur îl aud

Furtună dacă te-ar îmbrăţişa pe drum
Desfăşurându-ţi părul în aer ca un fum,
pământul de ar urla de grindină şi ploaie

Şi piedică ţi ar pune copaci când se-ndoaie,
Dac-ar trăsni prelung prin norii uriaşi.

Steps

By the gate slowly opens when you creep by tiptoe
I recognize your tread, I feel your steps O Ţil.
From the thousands of stamps that resound in the universe
Immediately I recognize the precipitous going

As the gate slowly opens when you tiptoe
I recognize your treat, I feel your steps O Ţil

So afraid, the lizard jumps through the cracks
And hides under a stone, the singing brook pipes
Or the squirrel gnaws nuts in his broken teeth
And in the lamp a moth flutters

There is a ineffable rustle, a drop on the wet window pane
A graceful flight that I alone hear

The thunderstorm if you should encounter it on the path
Unwinding your hair in the air like smoke
The earth would howl from hail and rain
And the bending trees would hinder you

te-aș recunoaște totuși îndată după pași

În cale ți-aș ieși să-ți șterg obrazul ud
Căci mersul tău suav eu singur îl aud

If it thundered oblong the giant clouds
nevertheless you would immediately recognize the steps

In the road you would leave to wipe your wet cheek
Because I alone hear your suave stride